

# EDINBURGH CHAMBERS' JOURNAL

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## A WORD TO THE MERCILESS.

THE practices of bull and bear baiting have for many years been abandoned, and dog and cock fighting are now, we believe, nearly extinct, except privately, and under the peculiar auspices of the idle and dissolute; yet we doubt very much if in the present day there be on the whole more mercy shown to the animal creation generally than in former times. With respect to the nourishing and coddling of lapdogs, parrots, canaries, squirrels, and cockatoos, the system has been always nearly alike from the time of Queen Elizabeth downwards, these creatures being apparently neither better nor worse treated than their predecessors were two hundred years since. The condition of other animals, not classed under the head of pets, has always been and still is discreditable to humanity. Here, general civilisation seems to have effected little or nothing beneficial; perhaps in some instances we have retrograded from the kindly usages of our ancestors; and it is at least certain that in this respect the behaviour of the ignorant Hindoo or the Arab of the desert would shame that of persons laying claim to the highest cultivation of intellect.

Some years ago, when a gentleman of benevolent feelings carried a bill through Parliament to prevent cruelty to animals, his excellent intentions, strange to say, were made the subject of ridicule; and till the present hour, such is the extreme indifference on all sides displayed both by those who are in and out of authority, that cruelties are daily committed on the streets of our large towns and elsewhere, without calling forth either remark or commiseration. We cannot but think that the present age, with all its modifications in barbarism, is still wonderfully affected with a taste for savage indulgences. This taste, however, to do justice to society, is demonstrated principally among what are usually styled the highest and the lowest ranks—in the one case from idleness, in the other from sheer ignorance or obtuseness of feeling. In recent times, several instances have occurred of wealthy and tender-hearted ladies providing endowments for the preaching of annual sermons on the subject of cruelty to animals; but this, it may be presumed, is a hopeless mode of curing so aggravated an evil; for it is doubtful if any one attends these prelections whose feelings require to be prompted to a better treatment of the humble assistants of man in his various avocations. It is not by such means, we fear, that the horse-jockey on the one hand, or the coal-carter and cattle-driver on the other, are to have their feelings humanised. To reform their practices, the mode of cure must be somewhat more effectual.

Ignorance, and of course false reasoning, are frequently the main basis of those sufferings which many individuals cause the animal races to endure. Ignorance, which is the mother of every mischief, is conspicuously busy in depreciating the character and physically torturing some of the most useful creatures which we have subjected to our control. Let us, for example, mention the case of the ass. This most valuable, though humble, assistant in man's labours, has met with singular ingratitude for its untiring services. Upon it has been heaped every kind of obloquy, every kind of misusage. While assiduously working in behalf of its master, it has been kicked, beaten, starved, and its very name made a reproach. Surely this is but an inglorious triumph of man over the lower animals. Yet it is seemingly a triumph. It is the boastful conquest of the tyrant over the slave, who is unable to defend himself. The lion has been called the king of the brutes; but it would be difficult to say why it has gained this pre-eminence, unless ferocity, strength, and dignity of aspect, are to be con-

sidered the tests of superiority. There is but too great a disposition among human beings to admire the beautiful and the lofty, or even the gaudy and the pompous, and to neglect in proportion the simply useful. The glitter and misspent talent of certain kinds of shameless and trivial literature, engage more of the popular affections, and produce more reputation, than the writings of those men who have done most for the good of their kind. The opera-dancer is more liberally rewarded than many members of the learned professions. We admire the pageantry of war—love to gaze upon the splendour of military array, forgetting the while that it ever has been, and never can be any thing else than, productive of private misery and national impoverishment. The richly decorated and well-accounted soldier, who spends more than half his life in a state of mental vacuity, lounging in listless idleness along our fashionable promenades, is reckoned a being far more deserving of our admiration and esteem, than the humble schoolmaster, the "vulgar shopkeeper," or any other "mean-spirited animal," who is engaged in honest labour, and by his industry contributes to the said soldier's support. We make a pet of the worthless parrot for its rich plumage, and cast not a thought upon the sober and productive hen. The lion, which never did a good action from the day of its creation, has met with nothing but universal reverence and eulogy, while the poor ass, whose race records a history of unintermitting usefulness, has been treated with an equal share of abuse and contempt. "Hard usage is this indeed," may the ill-treated Master Neddy say to his owners. "I have toiled for you for years, both in and out of season. I have exerted all my humble ability in your service. Many is the time I have endured cold, wet, and hunger, without complaint; yet, for all my services and sufferings, I am treated with contempt, because I have not the power to resent my wrongs; I am made an object of ridicule, because nature has denied me the elegant form of the horse, or the ferocity of the lion or the tiger." It can scarcely be denied that there would be something like justice in such a lamentation from the hard-wrought, scurvily treated donkey.

It is unfortunate for both the ass and horse creation that most of those persons who come in contact with them are inaccessible either by the censures of the press or the pulpit. They cannot be said to fall within the scope of literature. Civilisation seems to have a difficulty in reaching them. "What! shall I not do with my own horse what I like?" is the indignant exclamation of many of those who are challenged for their cruelties. Acting on this extreme principle, how many thousands of carters shut out every thing like mercy from their breasts, and both torture and starve the poor animals over which they claim a supreme authority! The French are described as a people generally kind to their horses. They incite them by smart reverberating cracks of the whip, and address them with many kind words, praising their activity and beauty—a species of flattery which the animals seem perfectly to comprehend; but they seldom strike them. We have also seen not a few English waggons, and dray and car men, who were very kind to their teams. At this moment, we have vividly presented to our mind's eye the noble large-boned animals, with their dark glossy skins, arched necks, and switchy tails, going in fours and sixes in their glistening brass-mounted harness, dragging after them, with seeming unconcern, the bulky wains along the streets and highways of the south. We see also, marching alongside, the proud driver of the luxurious stud, with his Saxon smock,

his heavy well-shod quarter-boots, his slouching peaky hat, and his long, very long whip, with which he ever and anon gently touches and guides the sagacious animals. How nicely he knows how to quicken or retard their progress, to make them bend to the right or left, to make them gee-up or gee-wo, all by the slight, hardly perceptible touch of the whip—his truncheon of office—applied with the lightness of a lady's finger to the neck of the foremost of the train. As for striking his "good hosses," he would not commit such an outrage for the world. Love you, he has too much affection for them, to treat them ill. See how carefully he keeps their coats free from dust, how sleekly he has combed down their shaggy manes! Look, see there, he is now wiping the forehead of Fanny with his handkerchief, and calling her his pretty Miss. This kindness is habitual with him. He loves his horses, and they love him. He has always a good word for them, and would die rather than set out without a proper complement of well-filled nosebags, or "a bit of fresh hay" for them to munch when they come to a stop with their draught. And would not any thing else be the height of cruelty? Does not he himself love to "touch the pewter," and refresh himself "of an 'ot foggy mo'ning" with a pull at Whitbread's entire; and while performing such an act of devotion to his internal ease, would he be so shabby as neglect to give his darling team "a bit of summat" to keep them comfortable and in good humour?

Messieurs the Worldly-wise-men may perhaps turn up their noses at "all this sort of thing," and with frowning brow set about calculating how much loss is incurred by these well-fed teams leading a happy life, and how much more work by a different course of treatment could be extorted out of them. We do not like folks who reason in this narrow-minded way. If the labourer be worthy of his hire, the horse is worthy of his meat, and of good usage into the bargain. We have no idea of knocking horses to pieces and half starving them, in order to realise a trifle additional from their exertions. It is enough to shock the feelings of any one to witness the cruel treatment of horses in some parts of the country. In and around the Scottish metropolis, the greater part of those of a humble class lead a life of incessant misery: the grand object seems to be to get work out of them at the lowest possible cost. In nine out of every ten cases, no regard whatever is paid to their strength; they may be lame, or old, or weakened with disease or famine, but they must get on—must never slacken in their duty. Yoked singly in carts loaded with from fifteen to twenty hundredweight of coal, you see them frequently goaded on in the most savage manner. The lash is in constant requisition, and not the lash only but rack-sticks, staves, or any other weapons that come readily to hand, are lustily applied to all parts of the carcass of the poor drudged animals. With heavy random blows over the head and ribs, are the wretched creatures urged on their way, while their lagging steps are most likely accelerated by the furious tugging of the halter, accompanied with oaths and meaningless vociferations from their heartless master. Is it possible, we say, to look upon this habitual misusage of the horse with a feeling of unconcern? Can we see the thin worn-down animals, with their bones almost protruding through the lank skin, their galled sides grazed to the red flesh by the friction of the clumsy yoke, their dirty unsorted condition, their drooping head and sunken eyes, with their backs sinking to a deep curve under the weight of their burdensome draughts—in such a condition, can we see them under the guidance of an unfeeling master,

and in one of the most inclement seasons of the year standing for a whole day, from morn till darkening night, on the street, or going from door to door, while their load of fuel is hawked or offered for sale—can we see all this—knowing at the same time that their only food is gleaned from a truss of bare straw, or a bag of foisonless duff—and not pity, ay, and more than pity, do something to mitigate the sufferings of animals so useful to our kind, yet so cruelly, so barbarously treated?

May we hope—though it must be owned there is little reason to expect—that public feeling will not be long in concurring, both with law and common decency, in rendering the condition of the animals we have been speaking of somewhat more accordant with the dictates of humanity and moral responsibility.

#### POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

##### THE COMPASS.

In a former number of the *Journal* we treated of the magnet and its very mysterious influence, and at the same time described the principal phenomena to which it gives rise. Amongst other characteristics belonging to a magnet, its polarity or tendency to point in a northerly direction, was mentioned, and that this property had been practically applied in the construction of what is called the mariner's compass, an instrument which is now indispensable in navigation, although it was not discovered, or rather used as a guide, until the beginning of the fourteenth century.

The ancients, although acquainted with some of the properties possessed by the magnet, appear to have been utterly ignorant of its polarity; and hence, having no infallible guide through the deep, such as was independent of every casualty connected with the weather or the state of the heavens generally, their maritime discoveries fade into very trivial exploits when compared with those achieved by the moderns. But let us deal fairly by the ancients. When we consider that they were ignorant of the compass, our astonishment is excited that so much was accomplished by them. They were necessarily compelled to sail at no great distance from the shore, and follow the sinuosities of the coast, generally coming to anchor at sunset. If, however, the weather was propitious, and they sailed during the night, the only guide in which they could repose confidence was the stars, which were very precarious in this respect, as they were ever liable to be suddenly obscured by clouds. Yet, with this unfortunate drawback upon their enterprise, the ancients, prior to the introduction of the compass, made some remarkable discoveries.

The greatest maritime people of antiquity were the Phœnicians. With learning equal to the Egyptians, they were devoid of that superstitious dread which the inhabitants of the banks of the Nile had for the sea. Their chief cities were Tyre and Sidon, at the top of the Mediterranean; and between the twelfth and eighth centuries before the Christian era, they planted colonies at Utica, Carthage, and Gades, or Cadiz, a town of Spain at the mouth of the Straits of Gibraltar. Beyond this, upon the coasts of the Atlantic, they likewise made settlements, and also upon the shores of the Euxine, the ancient name of the Black Sea. Their vessels also traversed the Arabian Gulf or Red Sea, and through this channel may possibly have reached the aromatic shores of India. Amongst the Greeks, Jason's Argonautic expedition, in which he explored the Euxine at a period of remote history, is well known, and was famous of yore. But the Carthaginians, who were originally a Phœnician colony, surpassed even the mother country in maritime enterprise. Hanno, a celebrated navigator of that people, explored the western coast of Africa, it is supposed as far as Senegambia. Pliny even goes the length of saying that Hanno entirely circumnavigated it, and returned to Carthage by the Red Sea. This is highly improbable; for the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope was an achievement of too great magnitude not to be alluded to in the ancient chronicles wherein the voyage is described. Nay, it is to be questioned if the comparatively slender vessels of the Carthaginians were capable of braving "the stormy spirit of the Cape," of crossing that sea where two opposing currents keep up an eternal conflict in the waters, and at all times render the navigation of this quarter somewhat precarious. Besides, granting that they did accomplish this, and return by the Mediterranean, how would they get their vessels over the Isthmus of Suez?

Himilco, another famous admiral, held his course

in the opposite direction. He explored the coast of Spain, and discovered the British islands, which he mentions. Other navigators followed, making various discoveries; and it seems very reasonable to believe, that had Carthage not fallen a victim to Roman ambition, such was the skill in navigation displayed by the mariners whom she sent forth, Vasco de Gama, the Portuguese who doubled the Cape, might have looked for laurels in other seas, and Columbus might have been spared the trouble of setting out in pursuit of a world in the west. After the destruction of Carthage, until the Christian era was pretty well advanced, few discoveries of moment were made, if we except those of the Northmen or Scandinavians, who accidentally fell in with Greenland, where they planted a colony.

During the middle ages, the rival states of Italy, whilst they kept up an almost perpetual hostility, vied with each other in improving the art of ship-building, and navigation in general; for as their superiority depended upon the extent of their commercial relations, each was eager to surpass the others in these respects. But a new impulse was to be given to nautical pursuits by the discovery, or rather the improvement, which was made on the compass in the year 1302, by one Flavio Gioja, a native of Amalfi, which was a place of some commercial importance in the territory of Naples. This is one of the most remarkable events belonging to a period characterised by the rapid advances which it made in knowledge—an event which may be said to have changed the history of the world, and made the uttermost parts of the earth to meet. Yet no circumstances incidental to the discovery have come down to us, and the particulars of Gioja's life are unknown. What is more extraordinary is, that the instrument for some time held a very subordinate place as a useful invention in the estimation of the author's contemporaries. In strict accuracy, however, he is scarcely entitled to the renown which must inevitably belong to the discoverer of the mariner's compass, for it seems to have been known at least a century before. The Chinese (who seem to possess a prior claim to every great discovery which has been made in modern times, except, as far as we can recollect just now, the steam-engine) are said to have been acquainted with the compass even previously to the Christian era. But before they are entitled to claim the glory of the invention, we may simply ask, how comes it that they never acquired any proficiency in the art of navigating the deep? The Arabians likewise are said to have used it as their guide in traversing the trackless sands of the desert, where landmarks are nearly as rarely to be met with as on the ocean; but this we think is utterly disproved by the fact, that, when Vasco de Gama first bore the standard of Portugal across the ocean to the golden shores of India, the Arabians who navigated these seas steered entirely by the stars or by headlands, the compass being entirely unknown to them. The Hebrews, with Solomon at their head, and likewise the Hindoos, have also had those who support their claim to prior discovery. Passing over every doubtful speculation upon the point, it is certain that Giot de Provins, a troubadour or Provencal poet, who flourished about the year 1180, mentions the magnet in his works, not only as turning to the pole, but also as useful in directing the mariner through the ocean. Another writer mentions it in 1202 as the well-known guide to seamen; and in a letter written by Peter Adsigier, a German physician, which bears the date of 1269, an elaborate account of its construction is given. What is more remarkable is, he mentions the declination of the needle, or its deviating from the true north. Thus, only the glory of having been the improver of the compass, and the first who pointed out all the advantages which may be expected to accrue from using it, legitimately belong to Gioja; but these are sufficient to entitle him to immortal fame. Yet, notwithstanding the manifest value of this instrument, it continued for some time to be used only as a useful companion, which the mariner might occasionally consult, and not as a sole guide. Mankind seem incapable of perceiving at a glance all the glorious results which are to flow from any great discovery; these must dawn upon his mind gradually; and hence, almost in every instance, a wide interval elapses between the first essay and the ultimate perfection of any remarkable invention. This arises as much from prejudice as from the want of an intellect comprehensive enough to embrace a multitude of relations at once, and to concentrate all the rays of light in one bright focus.

It was about half a century after the time of Gioja that the inestimable value of the compass became ap-

parent. Henry of Portugal, a prince renowned for his military qualities, and no less conspicuous by his cultivation of philosophy, assembled around him the astronomers and mathematicians of his age, for the purpose of systematising all the science of the day. In order to discover a nearer route to India than that usually pursued, he caused charts to be drawn out, which, although they involved the egregious absurdity that the earth was a vast plain, were undoubtedly of great use to the mariner, as they indicated the relative positions of different places, and pointed out those parts which were to be avoided by the seaman. The invention of the astrolabe is likewise ascribed to him by some writers, but this we apprehend is an error, for Sir John Mandeville, who wrote in the middle of the fourteenth century, mentions it as being in use in his time. An astrolabe (from *astro*, a star, and *lam-bano*, I take) is an instrument for measuring the degrees, minutes, and even smaller proportions of angles. That of Prince Henry was simply a quadrantal arch, graduated at the rim into degrees and half degrees. When the altitude of a heavenly body was required, the edge of the instrument was directed to it, and a plummet, suspended from the centre, was made to mark the angle of elevation. The latitude of a place, or its distance from the equator, was thus determined: As to a person standing at the equator the pole star appears to lie in the horizon, and gradually to ascend as the pole is approached, so the edge of the instrument being gradually raised to bring it in a line with the star, the plumb-line will also gradually describe a more acute angle, by which the latitude is determined, until at the pole it will coincide in a vertical line with the instrument. The error resulting from the star not being perfectly polar, was but little heeded in those days of primitive navigation. The meridian altitude of the sun was likewise taken to determine the latitude; and subsequently, from the age of Prince Henry to our own times, many discoveries have been made and new plans adopted for insuring perfect accuracy in fixing the latitudes and longitudes of places; but of these we shall treat in another place.

The compass is the grand instrument by which the mariner must direct his course, or the landsman determine the exact spot of the earth upon which he stands. There are two kinds of compasses; first, those which merely show us the direction of the magnetic meridian (for the meaning of which term see our former article on Magnetic Influence). These compasses include the land compass, the mariner's compass, and the variation compass. The second class are those which mark the angular distances of objects from this meridian, and they bear the name of azimuth compasses. Whatever name the compass may assume, one grand principle predominates in its construction. The most essential part is a magnetised bar of steel, called the *needle*, having in its centre a socket or cap, which is supported on a sharp-pointed pivot fixed in the base of the instrument. In the mariner's compass the needle is affixed to a circular plate or *card*, the circumference of which is divided into degrees, whilst inside of this there is another circle, having marked upon it the thirty-two points of the compass, or *rhumbs*, as they are designated. The upright pin or pivot of support rises from the bottom of a round box which contains the needle and the card, and is enclosed by a sheet of glass to secure it both from the agitation of the atmosphere, as well as to exclude dust, moisture, and other things which might interfere with the correctness of the indications. The whole is enclosed in another box, suspended by two concentric brass circles, or gimbals, as they are technically called, and in such a manner that the compass hangs as it were on points like a swivel, by which, during the lurching, or heaving up and down, or motion from side to side, of the ship, the needle and its card remain in a horizontal position, and under all circumstances indicate the various points correctly. The compass is sometimes disturbed by the electricity of its glass cover becoming excited. This, however, can be at once destroyed by moistening the surface of the glass. Any one who has been at sea, whether in a steam-boat or sailing vessel, must have noticed the helmsman keeping his eye upon the needle as it fluttered in the box, and steering according to its indications and the path through the waters which he knew was to lead the vessel in its destined course.

In our former article we alluded to the dip of the needle. Thus, a needle, not a magnet, which has been accurately balanced upon a pivot so as to lie horizontally, if it be magnetised, will appear to have become heavier at one end than at the other, the one extremity sinking and the other rising, so that it is necessary to restore the equilibrium by adding a corresponding weight to the end which has been raised. As the amount of dip or the inclination of the needle varies in different parts of the earth, according to the distance of the compass from the poles, so it is necessary to attach different weights at these different places. The best mode of adjustment is effected by having a sliding piece of brass placed under the needle, which can be shifted backwards and forwards at pleasure, so as to accommodate the needle to the various latitudes which occur in long voyages.

There is an instrument called the dipping needle, which is employed solely for the purpose of ascertaining the amount of the dip in different latitudes. Some have even attempted to determine latitudes and longitudes by means of this compass, but without much suc-



cess. It is simply a magnetical needle so suspended, that instead of playing horizontally, or whirling round and pointing north and south, it rises or falls to the horizon, that is, plays vertically. The usual mode of observing with this instrument, is first to ascertain the direction of the magnetic meridian by a common compass, and then, removing this instrument to a distance, to fix the circle of the dipping needle in the plane of the meridian, and render it perfectly level by means of the screws of a stand, provided with a spirit level, to which it is attached. Great care must be taken to remove it from the vicinity of all ferruginous bodies, for, being very delicate, it is easily affected.

In the azimuth compass,\* the inner box is provided with sights, through which any object, either in the horizon or above it, may be seen; and in order that the sights may be brought to bear upon any object, the box is so suspended as to admit of its being turned round horizontally, and placed in any azimuth. The sights being directed to the object, its bearing from the magnetic points of the compass is determined by reference to the position of the card with respect to the sight. The needle always points in a northerly direction; and if the box which contains it be turned round, in order to bring the sights into contact with any given star, then the number of degrees which the needle will move, by its natural tendency to point to the north, will determine the azimuth. The two sights are vertically fixed upon the sides of the box, and directly opposite to each other; the one to which the eye is intended to be applied, consists of a brass slip having a narrow vertical slit; the other, which is turned to the object, is a similar slip, having an oblong aperture, containing a fine thread or horse hair, passing along the middle of the open space in a vertical direction. On one side of the box there is generally a nut or stop, which being pushed in, stops the card, and enables the observer to read off the number of degrees upon it, which correspond with an index or perpendicular line drawn in the inside of the box, and which is a prolongation of the slit in the sight for the eye. The land compass is analogous to this, being furnished with sights, and means for reading off the degrees marked on the card. This is effected in a very ingenious manner, by means of the eye-slit or aperture being provided with a prismatic lens, the upper edge of which is so situated with respect to the eye, that whilst the object is seen by direct vision, the circumference of the card upon which the degrees are marked is seen by reflection from the internal surface of the prism, and the coincidence can thus be easily and accurately ascertained.

From a variety of well-ascertained facts, it seems certain, that, whilst there is one grand influencing power in magnetism which is of general and predominating operation, there are others whose action appears to be accidental, or at least fluctuating or irregular. For instance, during the prevalence of the aurora borealis, volcanic eruptions, high winds, and other atmospheric phenomena, the needle is more or less affected; thus, diurnal changes frequently occur in the same latitudes and in the same meridian. The variation compass is employed to ascertain these. It has usually a needle of much greater length than those necessary for other instruments of the kind, in order that the extent of the variation of angular position may be more conspicuous. The magnetism of the needle ought to be uniform, and its magnetic axis should remain permanent. It is also suspended by a very delicate thread, such as that of a spider, so that it may instantly obey the slightest change in the direction of terrestrial magnetism. As it is only necessary that the needle should move twenty or twenty-five degrees from the middle line, an oblong box, instead of a circular one, is required. The changes of position are ascertained with great precision by applying a finely graduated scale, or vernier, as it is called, with a magnifier. Very minute parts of a degree can thus be measured.

The local attraction of vessels was until lately accounted so trivial a circumstance, that little attention was paid to it. But that the indications of the compass are often rendered erroneous from this cause, and that often to a considerable extent, is now beyond all doubt, and a method of obviating it has occupied the attention of nautical individuals to no common extent. It is well known that at all times there is a great quantity of iron about a ship, especially ships of war, which contain a number of large guns, iron shot, and the like; and as iron always affects the magnetic poles of the needle, the combined attraction of the iron matter will occasion it to deviate from the true magnetic meridian. How many deplorable shipwrecks may we not trace to this cause, for the variation is sometimes fourteen degrees east and west! Mr Barlow, who has investigated the subject with great care and philosophical acumen, in his *Essay on Magnetic Attractions*, instances the loss of the *Thames Indian*, which, besides the usual complement of guns, and other articles made of the same metal, had a cargo of four hundred tons of iron and steel on board. The powerful influence of such an enormous mass of attracting matter can alone explain the ex-

traordinary fact, that, after leaving Beachyhead in sight at six o'clock in the evening, the ship, without any one on board having the slightest apprehension of being near the shore, was wrecked on the same spot between one and two o'clock next morning! There is no correct method of compensating this local attraction, although Mr Barlow has, by an ingenious plan, made an approximation to it. Probably the best way is to place a standard compass permanently in some particular spot of the ship, where it is least liable to be influenced, and where the combined force of all the different attractions, to a certain extent, neutralise each other.

#### THE SCOTTISH GIPSIES.

SOME years ago a number of interesting papers appeared in various periodical publications regarding that very peculiar class of persons, the Scottish gipsies, who were described as still in a great measure preserving their individuality of character, still following the occupation of tinkers and dealers in crockery, and still loitering by the waysides with their tents or *whommedled* carts, their lots of children, and their horses and cuddies. It is a matter of some little curiosity to ascertain how far the pressure of civilisation in recent times has affected these wanderers—whether they have allowed themselves to come within the scope of the “schoolmaster,” or continue to make a desperate effort to maintain their ancient rude independence and lawless habits. On these and several other points we find the following useful information in the *NEW STATISTICAL ACCOUNT OF SCOTLAND*, under the head Parish of Yetholm, Roxburghshire, drawn up by the Rev. John Baird, minister:—

“Kirk Yetholm has long been known and somewhat celebrated as the residence of the largest colony in Scotland, I believe, of that singular and interesting race of people, the gipsies, whose origin is involved in so much uncertainty and doubt. I am indeed far from regarding the ‘muggers and tinkers’ of Kirk Yetholm as the pure unmingled gipsy race, whose forefathers emigrated or were driven into Europe from Hindostan or Egypt. They are much less distinguishable as a peculiar race now than they appear to have been formerly. Still their language, their predatory and erratic propensities, and, in general, their dark or dusky complexion, black piercing eyes, and Hindoo features, sufficiently betray the original of this despised and neglected race. At what period they first arrived and settled in Kirk Yetholm, I have not been able with any accuracy to ascertain. The family of the Fae’s seem to have been the first who settled there, and probably about the beginning of last century. Their number in 1797, according to the former Statistical Account, was fifty. In 1816, the number was one hundred and nine. At present there are about one hundred. Of these, one gipsy female is married to a tradesman in the village; and one woman not belonging to the tribe is married to a gipsy, whom she accompanies in his wanderings.

That the gipsies of Kirk Yetholm have a peculiar language, is fully credited by most of the other inhabitants of the village, many of whom have not only heard them converse with each other in this language, but also understand a number of the words. It was my intention to have given a list of such of these words as I have been able to collect; but I shall at present merely mention this general fact regarding them, that, on comparing this list with the specimens furnished by Hoyland from Grellman, I find that the language spoken by the Kirk Yetholm clans corresponds very nearly with that spoken by the English and Turkish gipsies, and that most of these also have been traced to an Indian origin. On this subject, however, they observe a profound secrecy.

Their occupations are various. There are two who manufacture horn into spoons: one tinker; and most or all of the rest are ‘muggers,’ or, as they prefer being called, ‘potters,’ or ‘travellers,’ who carry earthenware about the country for sale. These last also frequently employ themselves in making besoms and baskets. The gipsy in general enjoys but few of the comforts of home—with the exception of the spoon-manufacturers, who must remain stationary to fabricate his wares, which the females usually dispose of at neighbouring markets, and in the surrounding country. The horn-spoons, or ‘cutties,’ are very generally used by the peasantry, and before harvest are purchased for the use of the reapers. Most readers are probably familiar with the appearance of a gipsy tent. It is generally situated in the least frequented parts of the country, probably beside some plantation, which supplies it at once with shelter and with fuel. The women carry about their manufactured articles

for sale, while the men either remain with the cart, or occupy themselves in fishing and poaching, in both of which they are generally expert. The children accompany the females, or collect decayed wood for fuel. At night the whole family sleep under the tent, the covering of which is generally woollen cloth, and is the same usually that covers their cart during the day. Occasionally two or more families travel together. A dog, chained under the cart, protects their property, and at night gives warning of danger. Each family generally travels a particular district, seldom remaining more than a few days in one place. This is their mode of life, even in the coldest and wettest weather of spring, or the beginning of winter; and sometimes the tents are but scantily provided with warm and comfortable clothing. The ground, from which, while they sleep, they are separated only by a blanket or slight mattress laid on some straw, must frequently, of course, be completely saturated with rain; nevertheless, I have never understood that these people are, even so much as others, troubled with colds and rheumatisms, to which this mode of life seems almost unavoidably to expose them. Indeed, both at home and abroad they enjoy the best health. In cases of sickness, they are usually unwilling to call in a medical practitioner. Before autumn, all return who are able and willing to hire themselves as reapers. After harvest work is over, they set off once more to the country, where they continue until the severity of winter drives them home. At home they are usually quiet and peaceable. Their quarrels, which do not often take place, and are only among themselves, are very violent while they continue; and the subject or ground of quarrel is seldom known but to themselves. On these occasions they are much addicted to profane swearing, and but too much so at other times. I think it deserving of remark, that most of the murders for which gipsies have been condemned seem to have been committed upon persons of their own tribe, in the heat and violence of passion, the consequence of some old family feud, or upon strangers of other clans for invading what they regard as their territory, or the district they have been wont to travel. Their character for truth and honesty is certainly not high. Their pilfering and plundering habits, practised chiefly when from home, are pretty generally known. Their money debts, however, they discharge, I believe, as punctually as others; and there is a species of honour among them, that, if trusted, they will not deceive, and a principle of gratitude, that, if treated kindly, they will not injure. Numerous instances can be referred to of the grateful sense they entertain of favours bestowed on them, and of the length of time they will remember a kindness done either to themselves or their relatives. A deep spirit of revenge is the darkest trait in their character. Yet may most of the savage features of the gipsy character be referred to their loose, wandering, and disorderly life; to their lamentable ignorance of the duties which they owe both to God and man, and their total want of restraint by any consideration, moral or religious. I am not aware that they are much addicted to ardent spirits, or that there is any habitual drunkard belonging to their tribe.

Most of the tribe are able to read, though very indifferently. They seem alive to the advantages of education, and speak of it as the only legacy which a poor man can leave to his children; but the migratory habits of the people prevent their children from remaining long enough at school ever to make much progress. The children are generally remarked as clever. One large family of children have been taught to read by their mother at home; and I have known a father (when he was able) who gave a lesson every day to his two children, in the course of their migrations. I may mention, as a proof of the anxiety of parents on this subject, that most of them have again and again professed their willingness to leave their children at home throughout the year for instruction, could they only afford it, and entrust them to the charge of some prudent person. This is a great step to their improvement, considering how extremely attached the gipsy parent generally is to his children; that attachment to their offspring being one of those traits or features of character which distinguishes the tribe wherever they are found. Most of the younger children have attended the Sabbath school when at home; and not only do the parents willingly send them, but even the children themselves seem delighted to attend. I have remarked in most of these children, what may account in some degree for this desire on their parts, a spirit of emulation, and strong desire to please those who will take the trouble to notice them. Even a few of the adults have attended the Sabbath school, but many are kept back by the shame of appearing more deficient than others of their own age.

A great majority of the children have been baptised; and there are probably not so many illegitimate children among them as among the lower ranks of society in general. They almost always intermarry in their own tribe, and are generally dissatisfied when this is not the case.

Of late, the greater number of the tribe have attended church occasionally, and some with exemplary regularity. Their ideas on the subject of religion, however, are extremely limited and erroneous. Nor can they well be otherwise, considering their unsettled way of life, and their defective education. Yet they profess a general respect for religion, and, when ab-

\* The azimuth of a star is the arc (part of a circle) of the horizon, comprehended between the meridian of the observer (the point where he is standing at the time) and the vertical circle passing through the star.

sent from church, excuse themselves on the ground that they have no suitable or decent clothing.

I have not been able to ascertain whether they entertain any peculiar sentiments on the subject of religion. Like most ignorant persons, they are very superstitious. All of them profess to belong to the established church, and there are no dissenters among them. Eight or nine of them are communicants. Most of them possess Bibles, which have been purchased, however, rather for the use of their children when at school than for any other purpose. Those who have not Bibles would purchase them, they say, could they afford it. Most of them are indeed very poor, if we may judge from their apparel and their household accommodations, all of which are inferior to those possessed by the common class of labourers in the country.

It is a fact not very creditable to the wisdom of Britain, that, while so much has been done for the heathen, no attempt has yet been made in Scotland to civilise and enlighten those wandering tribes, who, during three-fourths of the year, in pursuing the avocations from which they derive their subsistence, have no pastor, no church, no school, no home, and are deprived of the means and opportunities of acquiring every kind of instruction. The attempt, if properly made, would, I am persuaded, be in numerous instances successful. Society would be the principal gainers by the success of any such scheme. They would render their own homes, persons, and property more secure; while they would discharge a long-neglected duty to a considerable number of their fellow-creatures and fellow-subjects, and rescue an interesting race from infamy, ignorance, and vice."

#### OLD ENGLISH MANNERS.

NO. I.

WE propose, under this head, to present a few articles of past literature, descriptive of classes and individuals formerly conspicuous in English society, and of styles of living which have ceased to exist. It is our intention that these shall be given retrogressively, in order that the mind of the reader may be led back gradually from the present age into the past—a mode of procedure (if it can be called *procedure*) for which many good reasons might be adduced, but for which one will be sufficient, that it will thus be possible to detect any of those deceptive influences which we have shown to be so apt to prevail with describers of manners, in comparing the old with the new. We begin with a delightful picture from Francis Grose's *Olio*, published in 1792:—

##### THE SMALL SQUIRE OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

"One of our celebrated writers has observed, that there is nothing so indifferent to us, that we can say without a disagreeable sensation, 'we have seen the last of it.' To the truth of this remark, every man who has lived long in the world can give his testimony. I am myself a man of little more than fifty years of age, and yet I have nearly outlived divers species of men and animals, as well as a variety of customs, fashions, and opinions; and I can truly say, that although some of them were not the most agreeable, I cannot help recollecting them with a degree of complacency closely bordering on regret.

When I was a young man, there existed in the families of most unmarried men or widowers of the rank of gentlemen, residents in the country, a certain antiquated female, either maiden or widow, commonly an aunt or cousin. Her dress I have now before me: it consisted of a stiff-starched cap and hood, a little hoop, a rich silk damask gown with large flowers. She leant on an ivory-headed crutch cane, and was followed by a fat phthisicky dog of the pug kind, who commonly reposed on a cushion, and enjoyed the privilege of snarling at the servants, occasionally biting their heels with impunity.

By the side of this good old lady jingled a bunch of keys, securing, in different closets and corner-cupboards, all sorts of cordial waters, cherry and raspberry brandy, washes for the complexion, Daffy's elixir, a rich seedcake, a number of pots of currant jelly and raspberry jam, with a range of gallipots and phials, containing salves, electuaries, juleps, and purges, for the use of the poor neighbours. The daily business of this good lady was to scold the maids, collect eggs, feed the turkeys, and assist at all lyings-in that happened within the parish. Alas! this being is no more seen, and the race is, like that of her pug dog and the black rat, totally extinct.

Another character, now worn out and gone, was the country 'squire; I mean the little independent gentleman of three hundred pounds per annum, who commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without boots. His travels never exceeded the distance of the county

town, and that only at assize and session time, or to attend an election. Once a-week he commonly dined at the next market-town, with the attorneys and justices. This man went to church regularly, read the weekly journal, settled the parochial disputes between the parish officers at the vestry, and afterwards adjourned to the neighbouring alehouse, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country. He never played at cards but at Christmas, when a family pack was produced from the mantelpiece. He was commonly followed by a couple of greyhounds and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a neighbour's house by smacking his whip, or giving the view-halloo. His drink was generally ale, except on Christmas, the 5th of November, or some other gala days, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg. A journey to London was by one of these men reckoned as great an undertaking as is at present a voyage to the East Indies, and undertaken with scarce less precaution and preparation.

The mansion of one of these 'squires was of plaster striped with timber, not unaptly called callimanco work, or of red brick, large casemented bow windows, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study; the eaves of the house well inhabited by swallows, and the court set round with holly-hocks. Near the gate a horse-block for the convenience of mounting.

The hall was furnished with fitches of bacon, and the mantelpiece with guns and fishing-rods of different dimensions, accompanied by the broadsword, partisan, and dagger, borne by his ancestor in the civil wars. The vacant spaces were occupied by stags' horns. Against the wall was posted King Charles's Golden Rules, Vincent Wing's Almanack, and a portrait of the Duke of Marlborough; in his window lay Baker's Chronicle, Fox's Book of Martyrs, Glanvil on Apparitions, Quincey's Dispensatory, the Complete Justice, and a book of Farriery.

In the corner, by the fireside, stood a large wooden two-armed chair with a cushion; and within the chimney-corner were a couple of seats. Here, at Christmas, he entertained his tenants assembled round a glowing fire made of the roots of trees, and other great logs, and told and heard the traditional tales of the village. In the meantime, the jorum of ale was in continual circulation.

The best parlour, which was never opened but on particular occasions, was furnished with Turk-worked chairs, and hung round with portraits of his ancestors; the men in the character of shepherds, with their crooks, dressed in full suits, and huge full-bottomed perukes; others in complete armour or buff coats, playing on the bass viol or lute. The females, likewise, as shepherdesses, with the lamb and crook, all habited in high heads and flowing robes.

Alas! these men and these houses are no more; the luxury of the times has obliged them to quit the country, and become the humble dependents on great men, to solicit a place or commission to live in London, to rack their tenants, and draw their rents before due. The venerable mansion in the meantime is suffered to tumble down, or is partly upheld as a farm-house; till, after a few years, the estate is conveyed to the steward of the neighbouring lord, or else to some nabob, contractor, or limb of the law."

We shall now present, from the well-known paper entitled the *Connoisseur*, published in 1734 by Mr Bonnell Thornton and Mr George Colman, an article descriptive of the London citizen of that time, spending the Sunday in his country-box.

##### THE LONDON CITIZEN OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

"In those dusty retreats where the want of London smoke is supplied by the smoke of Virginia tobacco, our chief citizens are accustomed to pass the end and the beginning of every week. Their boxes (as they are modestly called) are generally built in a row, to resemble as much as possible the streets in London. Those edifices which stand single, and at a distance from the road, have always a summer-house at the end of a small garden; which being erected upon a wall adjoining to the highway, commands a view of every carriage, and gives the owner an opportunity of displaying his best wig to every one that passes by. A little artificial fountain, spouting water sometimes to the amazing height of four feet, and in which frogs supply the want of fishes, is one of the most exquisite ornaments in these gardens. There are besides (if the spot of ground allows sufficient space for them) very curious statues of Harlequin, Scaramouch, Pierrot, and Columbine, which serve to remind their wives and daughters of what they have seen at the play-house.

I went last Sunday, in compliance with a most pressing invitation from a friend, to spend the whole day with him at one of these little seats, which he had fitted up for his retirement once a-week from business. It is pleasantly situated about three miles from London, on the side of a public road, from which it is separated by a dry ditch, over which is a little bridge consisting of two narrow planks, leading to the house. The hedge on the other side the road cuts off all prospect whatsoever, except from the garrets, from whence indeed you have a beautiful vista of two men hanging in chains on Kennington Common, with a distant view

of St Paul's cupola, enveloped in a cloud of smoke. I set out on my visit betimes in the morning, accompanied by my friend's bookkeeper, who was my guide, and carried over with him the London Evening Post, his mistress's hoop, and a dozen of pipes, which they were afraid to trust in the chair. When I came to the end of my walk, I found my friend sitting at the door, in a black velvet cap, smoking his morning pipe. He welcomed me into the country; and after having made me observe the turnpike on my left and the Golden Wheatsheaf on my right, he conducted me into his house, where I was received by his lady, who made a thousand apologies for being caught in such a dishabille.

The hall (for so I was taught to call it) had its white wall almost hid by a curious collection of prints and paintings. On one side was a large map of London, a plan and elevation of the Mansion House, with several lesser views of the public buildings and halls; on the other was the Death of the Stag, by the happy pencil of Mr Henry Overton, finely coloured; close by the parlour-door there hung a pair of stags' horns, over which there was laid across a red roccolo and an amber-headed cane. When I had declared all this to be mighty pretty, I was shown into the parlour, and was presently asked, who that was over the chimney-piece. I pronounced it to be a very striking likeness of my friend, who was drawn bolt upright in a full-bottomed perwig, a laced cravat, with the fringed ends appearing through a button-hole, a black livery-gown, a snuff-coloured velvet coat with gold buttons, a red velvet waistcoat trimmed with gold, one hand stuck in the bosom of his shirt, and the other holding out a letter with the superscription, 'To Mr —, Common Councilman of Farringdon Ward Without.' My eyes were then directed to another figure in a scarlet gown, who, I was informed, was my friend's wife's great-great-uncle, and had been sheriff and knighted in the reign of King James I. Madam herself filled up a panel on the opposite side, in the habit of a shepherdess, smelling to a nosegay, and stroking a ram with gilt horns.

I was then invited by my friend to see what he was pleased to call his garden, which was nothing more than a yard about thirty feet in length, and contained about a dozen little pots ranged on each side with lilies and cockscomb, supported by some old laths painted green, with bowls of tobacco-pipes on their tops. At the end of this garden he made me take notice of a little square building surrounded with fillet-roy, which he told me an alderman of great taste had turned into a temple, by erecting some battlements and spires of painted wood on the front of it.

After dinner, when my friend had finished his pipe, he proposed taking a walk, that we might enjoy a little of the country; so I was obliged to trudge along the footpath by the road-side, while my friend went puffing and blowing, with his hat in his hand, and his wig half off his head. At last I told him it was time for me to return home, when he insisted on going with me as far as the half-way house, to drink a decanter of stingo before we parted. We here fell into company with a brother liveryman of the same ward, and I left them both together in a high dispute about Canning;\* but not before my friend had made me promise to repeat my visit to his country-house the next Sunday.

As the riches of a country are visible in the number of its inhabitants and the elegance of their dwellings, we may venture to say that the present state of England is very flourishing and prosperous; and if the taste for building increases with our opulence for the next century, we shall be able to boast of finer country-seats belonging to our shopkeepers, artificers, and other plebeians, than the most pompous descriptions of Italy or Greece have ever recorded. We read, it is true, of country-seats belonging to Pliny, Hortensius, Lucullus, and other Romans. They were patricians of great rank and fortune: there can therefore be no doubt of the excellence of their villas. But who has ever read of a Chinese bridge belonging to an Attic tallowchandler or a Roman pastrycook? Or could any of their shoemakers or tailors boast a villa with its tin cascades, paper statues, and Gothic root-houses? Upon the above principles we may expect that posterity will perhaps see a cheesemonger's aparium at Brentford, a poulterer's theriotrophium at Chiswick, and an ornithon in a fishmonger's garden at Putney.

As a patriot and an Englishman, I cannot but wish that each successive century should increase the opulence of Great Britain; but I should be sorry that this abundance of wealth should induce our good citizens to turn their thoughts too much upon the country. At present we are deprived of our most eminent tradesmen two days out of six. It is true, the shopkeeper and the travelling part of his family, consisting generally of himself, his wife, and his two eldest daughters, are seldom sufficiently equipped to take leave of London till about three o'clock on Saturday in the afternoon; but the whole morning of that day is consumed in papering up cold chickens, bottling brandy-punch, sorting clean shifts and nightcaps for

\* Elizabeth Canning, a servant girl, who was then exciting public curiosity in a great degree by declaring herself to have been seized and immured in a house at Enfield Waah, but who subsequently proved to be an impostor and was found guilty of perjury.



the children, pinning baskets, and cording trunks; as again is the whole afternoon of the Monday following in unpinning, uncording, locking up foul linen, and replacing empty bottles in the cellar. I am afraid, therefore, if the villas of our future tradesmen should become so very elegant, that the shopkeepers will scarce ever be visible behind their counters above once in a month."

#### THE OMNIBUSES.

WHAT kind of things are omnibuses—I see mention often made of them in the London papers? Such is the sort of question one is occasionally asked by persons living in secluded parts of the country; and for the sake of our numerous readers in these districts, we shall try to give them an idea of the appearance and use of such vehicles. An omnibus is a kind of coach mounted on four wheels, in shape resembling an oblong box, with windows at the sides, a seat in front for the driver, and a door with steps behind for the entrance of passengers. The seats are along each side, and both will usually accommodate twelve or fourteen persons. The outside of the vehicle has a well-finished coach-like appearance, generally with its name blazoned in large gold letters on the sides. The interior is tastefully fitted up with coloured cloth or red plush; the seats are stuffed; sometimes there is a carpet for the feet; and the whole has quite a comfortable and respectable appearance. The omnibus is drawn by two horses. One of the distinguishing peculiarities of this kind of conveyance is, that the driver never leaves his box. The passengers are let in and out by a lad or a man who stands constantly behind on duty, and who is ever ready either to catch the nod of those who wish to enter, or to call a stop when any one wishes to depart. In the language of the metropolis, this indispensable assistant is called a *cad*. It is exceedingly easy to enter or dismount, for the steps are of wood, broad like a stair, and hang down nearly to the ground. They are never folded up. This alone forms no small improvement on the folding-up-step process in coaches. The name Omnibus is a Latin word literally signifying for all, and adopted with a reference to the inclusive utility of the vehicle.

The establishment of omnibuses is of recent date, and is exactly one of those useful improvements which one is apt to let pass unheeded, but which nevertheless indicate very decisively the advancement of society. Omnibuses are the natural result of the extension of great cities, as well as indications of increasing wealth among the people. They have hitherto been chiefly used in Paris, London, and other large cities, to which they are particularly applicable. They usually run from one extreme point of the environs to another in all directions, or from the outskirts of the town to some place of general resort at the centre, and at all hours of the day, from morning till night. Besides thus running regularly from one place in the town to another, they take up passengers on their way and let others out, so that, keeping to a line of route, a person is placed quite at his ease as to going a longer or shorter distance. The convenience of omnibuses to foot passengers is thus incalculable. At all events, such a system of conveyance is a vast improvement on the expensive and antiquated process of hackney-coaching.

It was in Paris, we believe, that omnibuses were first set a-going; a circumstance not a little surprising, considering how far behind the French are in the art of coach-building, and all that pertains to the comfort and convenience of the middle classes. The omnibuses of Paris are much less elegant than those of London; but their fares are lower. On one occasion, for riding in one of them a distance of nearly a mile and a half—that is, from beyond the barrier de Neuilly to the Palace of the Tuilleries—we paid a sum equivalent to about twopence sterling. We observed that a newspaper lay on one of the seats for the solace of the passengers. In the back, as in most of the Parisian omnibuses, a clock was fixed to tell the hour and regulate the starting of the vehicle, and which had hands and a dial-plate both outside and inside.

Since the introduction of omnibuses into London, they have been greatly improved in every respect, and prodigiously increased in number. The stranger who now visits the capital, after an interval of ten years since his last trip, will be astonished at the extraordinary number which he will perceive passing in all directions. He will likewise feel quite delighted with the great saving of time and expense which they effect for him. Formerly, unless he paid several shil-

lings for a hackney-coach, he had to plod his weary way through dense multitudes of passengers on the pavements, having his brain almost distracted with the noise and bustle, and most likely arriving at his remote place of destination bespattered with mud, melting with heat, and gasping for something in the shape of a liquification for his parched mouth and throat. Now all that is changed. The omnibuses have wrought miracles. He is taken up every morning at or near his place of residence, and conveyed at once to the vicinity of the spot where his business or pleasure lies. If he wish to go east, west, north, or south, there are his conveyances. He has only to inquire regarding the times of passing of the vehicles, and a few minutes' waiting, or a little adroit calculation, will set all to rights. The fare is only sixpence on all occasions, whether for the whole distance or for no more than a hundred yards. By these means, and at a mere trifle of expense, the stranger in London may now dispatch his business in half the time he would formerly have taken. Ten years ago, he seldom was able to go to above one or two places in a day—such was the distance from one place to another—now he can proceed to half-a-dozen places without any trouble. This kind of convenience, we have no doubt, will assist very materially in inducing the visits of strangers to London—the grand complaint of country folks, namely, the toil and danger of walking the streets, being in a great measure done away with. And hence the metropolis will be enriched by the addition made to its transient population.

The omnibuses of London are not more serviceable to strangers than to residents. Their respectability having been established, they are used by ladies proceeding into town on shopping excursions, by others going to make calls on acquaintances at too great a distance to walk, and by a multitude of individuals in the middle ranks who require to go from place to place on business. When we were last in town, we had occasion to remark how useful the omnibuses were in carrying tradesmen and merchants from their houses in the suburbs early in the mornings—at eight or nine o'clock for instance—to the city, and bringing them back in the afternoons. A merchant whose place of business is in the neighbourhood of the Bank, lives, we shall say, with his family at Paddington, Clapham, Brixton, Wandsworth, or any other pleasant part of the environs, at a distance varying from three to six miles from the city; yet, by the omnibuses, he is put down at almost the very door of his shop or counting-house at an hour as early as he could have calculated upon if he had lived only next street. As it is only by living out of town that the health of a family can be properly preserved, a mode is thus devised of securing at a small expense the advantages of both a town and country residence. What stage-coaches, railways, and locomotive machines, are to the kingdom at large, the omnibuses are to the great world of houses comprehensively included in the term London. They have extinguished distance, and brought all parts of the town within the bounds of familiar intercourse. It is for reasons such as these that we have described them as forming one of the most obvious improvements of the age in which we live. By their establishment and success, we have a striking indication of the advance of substantial comfort among the people—of the innocent encroachment of the middle and lower ranks upon the luxury of riding, a luxury formerly consecrated to the use of only the noble and the wealthy. In this respect they are analogous to the publication of the cheap literature of recent times. Those who were formerly debarred from reading on account of the dearth of books, may now amuse themselves with literary recreation for a few halfpence: those who formerly never dared to aspire to the pleasures of vehicular conveyance, are now enabled to enjoy themselves in that manner for a sum at all times within their ability to pay. How pleasing must be the reflection to the philanthropic mind, that in this manner the humbler classes of the community are elevated in the scale of being, and rendered more comfortable and contented in their situation in life! We have heard that loud remonstrances have been made in London with regard to the injury which the omnibuses have done to the hackney-coach proprietors, as well as from their encumbering the thoroughfares—in other words, we are told that the convenience of the many should be sacrificed for the benefit of the few—a principle which, if entertained, would at once put a stop to all improvements whatsoever, and evidently too ridiculous to be listened to in the present day. Hackney-coaches will still be used for purposes to which they are strictly applicable. Cabs, or hackney-gigs, which are of themselves a considerable improvement on the old system of things, will likewise flourish in their department of the civic economy; while the omnibuses will continue to serve the public in that extensively beneficial manner which it is not in the nature of either coaches or cabs to accomplish.

Latterly, omnibuses have been introduced for special purposes into Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and perhaps other towns; in none of these places, as far as we are aware, have they been so extensively suited to the public convenience as in Paris and London. There can be no doubt whatever that they could be rendered, in degree, as successful in these towns as in London, though only if the prime elementary property of *cheapness* were strictly attended

to. For example, were omnibuses established in Edinburgh under proper energetic management, to run every fifteen minutes from various leading points in the environs to a common centre, and the fares made no higher than the sum of threepence, the success would be certain in a commercial point of view, while hundreds and thousands of the community, who are now either obliged to walk or stay at home, would be greatly benefited.

#### THEORY AND PRACTICE.

By Mr JOHN WADE, author of the "History of the Middle and Working Classes."

It seems wisely provided that those things most essential to happiness shall either exist in great profusion, or be easily attainable. Bread, fuel, air, and water, for instance, are most necessary to subsistence, and they are the most extensively diffused. In morals, no less wisdom is displayed. The great landmarks of right and wrong are as palpable to the Indian as to the philosopher; that we should do as we would be done by, is a maxim on the Ganges as well as on the Thames. And in science, the most valuable truths, those most extensively useful, are the most simple and most level to the ordinary capacity of the human species.

From this I would infer, first, that the most perfect happiness consists in the enjoyment of those gifts which are generally accessible to mankind; secondly, that we rather augment our misery than otherwise, by attempting to substitute an excess of refinement for the simple pleasures nature has provided.

For example, health is best promoted by plain diet, exercise, a regard to temperature, and other observances which are within every one's reach: virtue, not by aspiring to extreme and imaginary excellence, but by observing those rules of which a monitor is found in every bosom: and man's most perfect intellectual state consists, more in the application of common truths, than abstruse speculation. It is the last of these positions I intend particularly to establish: I mean to show that happiness is not so much promoted by great talents as moderate abilities; that it is not so much by extending the boundaries of science, as by diffusing more generally the knowledge we already possess, that mankind can be benefited.

It has been remarked, that genius, not the want of it, adulterates philosophy, and fills it with error and false theory. This arises from the constitution of original minds, whose tendency is to make discoveries rather than to improve the old ones; having seized an important truth, the next step is to render it the basis of a system. But if genius fails in planning, it is not less unfortunate in creating. Men of great talents are seldom successful in life. If they attempt legislation, their suggestions are too abstract and general to be of practical utility; in medicine and law, they are too theoretical; in divinity, too controversial; in trade, too remiss; some want industry, some probity, some are too sanguine, others too lax; but all want success. They grasp at the remote, and overlook the intermediate; while the half-witted practical man, who begins at the beginning, advancing with slow undeviating step, reaches first the goal of his ambition.

The inutility of theory only may be inferred from the little benefit that has been derived from it. Although the great truths of morals, religion, and government, have long been ascertained, we are comparatively little benefited by their application; and innumerable lawyers, divines, and politicians, are necessary to inculcate practically the first principles of knowledge and justice. In human affairs, nothing is more extraordinary than the constant inconsistency betwixt truths that are admitted, and the practices they condemn. Few, for instance, doubt that virtue is happiness, that honesty is the best policy; there is hardly any statesman who denies that government can only be permanent when conducted on the basis of public utility; nor any religionist who does not admit that toleration, in matters of faith, is most consonant to scripture and good policy. These maxims are rarely disputed, yet in practice they are very imperfectly acted upon. How can this anomaly be explained, unless on the supposition that men of talent are more occupied in adding to the discoveries of their predecessors, or in building on their fallacious theories, than in rendering them practically useful?

But mere speculation is frequently not only useless, but productive of positive misery. The common saying that extremes meet, is singularly exemplified in the effects of ignorance and refinement. The lowest state of intellectual prostration is that of the savage of New South Wales, void of curiosity, forethought, and emulation, immersed in sloth, with scarcely any perception of moral distinction. This is deplorable enough, and hardly less is the other extreme. Minds zealous in the pursuit of truth, have frequently ended their inquiries by doubting its existence; and the most ardent in seeking the foundation of virtue and fame, have finished by considering them unreal mockeries, and man himself a mere creature of sense and selfishness. Deprived of the wholesome excitements of ordinary life, they relapse into the vice and apathy of a state of nature. In one case, intellectual degradation results from paucity of ideas; in the other,

from their perplexing multiplicity: but in both are extinguished the generous impulses which render life useful, happy, and honourable.

It may be doubted whether nature ever intended all her secrets to be explored, or too closely investigated. Viewed externally, she displays both power and magnificence; but if we attempt to penetrate her laboratory, it has been truly remarked, we are frequently surprised by the apparent inadequacy of her instruments, or the meanness of her agency. How wonderful, for instance, is the human mind; yet, if we examine the chamber of the brain, if we attempt to comprehend the mechanism by which intellectual phenomena are produced, how we are baffled and disappointed! Again, the heart, what a source of emotion! the tongue, what an organ of eloquence! the eye, how wonderful its powers!—or what more surprising than a seed expanding into the most beautiful foliage, or an acorn into the magnificent oak! In all these, our astonishment is excited by viewing nature in her maturity, not in her infancy; in contemplating her, not in undress, but when she comes forth adorned for action and enjoyment. She is a superb amphitheatre, in which, if man were satisfied to be a spectator, he might be delighted with the splendour and luxury of her entertainments; but when he ventures beyond the proscenium, or descends into the kitchen to see how the viands are prepared, he is not unfrequently mortified with the nothingness or repulsiveness of his discoveries, and the destruction of the illusions that formed his felicity.

What, it may be asked, do I infer from all this? Why, simply this much, that life has become to many far too artificial an occupation, whereby they deprive themselves of the power of enjoying in simplicity the good which is abundantly provided for them. The one-half of mankind are seen to be constantly engaged in seeking out means wherewith they may make themselves miserable. True happiness, which they trample under foot, must always mainly consist in following inclinations subject to the control of reason and justice. Each individual has some ruling passion, from the correct indulgence of which his own welfare, as well as that of the community, is best promoted. Some, indeed, would incline one to think that all mankind should be graduated to one standard (their own of course) of excellence, but nothing can be more erroneous. It is not requisite that all men should be philosophers, poets, or statesmen; diversity in character and pursuits being as necessary to the harmony of the moral, as variety of production to the natural, world.

#### CORSETS.

THE evils of tight lacing among the female sex have of late been frequently animadverted upon by different writers, without producing any visible effect on the prevailing fashions. Yet, difficult as it may be to prevent young ladies from injuring themselves in this respect, we do not altogether despair of seeing improved practices established through the interference of parents and guardians. The corset, which is the article of dress employed to produce what is thought handsomeness of the person, is a French invention, and derives its name from the words *corps* and *serrer*, signifying to compress the body. The influence of female charms, among civilised people, has in all ages been extensive and beneficial, and the sex have always regarded the possession of beauty as their richest endowment, and thought its acquisition to be cheaply made at any expense of fortune. To this cause may be attributed the origin of the cosmetic arts, with their countless baneful and innocent prescriptions, for restoring smoothness to the skin, and reviving the delicate roses upon cheeks too rudely visited by sickness or time. The preservation or production of beauty of form, as even more admired than mere regularity of features, or from being, apparently, more attainable by art, received an early and ample share of attention, and has largely exercised the ingenuity of the fair aspirants for love and admiration. It is our office now to aid them to the utmost in attaining their wishes, by indicating the true principles upon which the corset should be constructed, and the attentions necessary to secure all the advantages of its application.

To prevent the form from too early showing the inroads of time; to guard it from slight inelegances, resulting from improper position, or the character of exterior drapery; to secure the beautiful proportions of the bust from compression or displacement; and, at once, agreeably to display the general contour of the figure, without impeding the gracefulness of its motions, or the gentle undulations caused by natural respiration, are the legitimate objects of the corset. For this purpose, it should be composed of the smoothest and most elastic materials, should be accurately adapted to the individual wearer, so that no point may receive undue pressure, and should never be drawn so tight as to interfere with perfectly free breathing, or with graceful attitudes and movements. It is obvious that such corsets should be entirely destitute of those

barbarous innovations of steel and whalebone, which, by causing disease, have been thrown into disrepute, and which, under no circumstances, can add to the value of the instrument, when worn by a well-formed individual.

Such hurtful appliances were first resorted to by the ugly, deformed, or diseased, who, having no natural pretensions to figure, pleased themselves with the hope of being able, by main strength, exerted upon steel-ribbed, whaleboned, and padded corsets, to squeeze themselves into delicate proportions. If, however, it be remembered that the use of corsets is to preserve and display a fine figure, not to make one, and that they are to be secondary to a judicious course of diet and exercise, it will be readily perceived that such injurious agents are utterly uncalled for in their composition. By selecting a material proportioned, in its thickness and elasticity, to the size, age, &c. of the wearer, and by a proper employment of quilting and wadding, they may be made of any proper or allowable degree of stiffness. If it be then accurately fitted to the shape of the individual, and laced no tighter than to apply it comfortably, all the advantages of the corset may be fully obtained. But such, unfortunately, is not the course generally pursued. Ladies purchase corsets of the most fashionable makers, and of the most fashionable patterns and materials, regardless of the peculiarities of their own figures, which may require a construction and material of very different description. Hence it often happens that females, naturally endowed with fine forms, wear corsets designed for such as are disproportionately thick or thin, and destroy the graceful ease of their movements, by hedging themselves in the steel and whalebone originally intended to reduce the superabundant corpulence of some luxurious dowager.

As no two human figures are precisely alike, it is absolutely requisite that the corset should be suited with the minutest accuracy to the wearer; and a naturally good figure cannot derive advantage from any corset but one constructed and adapted in the manner above indicated. Slight irregularities or defects may be remedied or rendered inconspicuous, by judicious application of wadding, or by interposing an additional thickness of the cloth. But it should be remembered that certain changes occur to the female frame, after the cares of maternity have commenced, which are absolutely unavoidable. Among these, the general enlargement or filling up of the figure is the most observable, but is never productive of inelegance, unless it take place very disproportionately. The undue enlargement of the bust and waist is most dreaded, and the attempt to restrain their development by mere force has led to the most pernicious abuse of the corset.

There is no doubt but that a judiciously fitted corset, whose object should be to support and gently compress, might in such cases be advantageously worn; but at the same time it must be thoroughly understood that the corset can only be really beneficial when combined with a proper attention to diet and exercise. Thus many ladies, who dread the disfigurement produced by obesity, and constantly wear the most unyielding and uncomfortable corsets, lead an entirely inactive life, and indulge in rich and luxurious food. Under such circumstances, it is vain to hope that beauty of figure can be maintained by corsets, or that they can effect any other purpose than that of cramping and restraining the movements, and causing discomfort to the wearer. On the other hand, proper exercise, and abstinence from all but the simplest food, would enable the corset to perform its part to the greatest advantage. There is another error, in relation to corsets, as prejudicial as it is general, and calling for the serious attention of all those concerned in the education of young ladies. This error is the belief that girls just approaching their majority should be constantly kept under the influence of corsets, in order to form their figures. They are therefore subjected to a discipline of strict lacing, at a period when of all others its tendency is to produce the most extensive mischief. At this time, all the organs of the body are in a state of energetic augmentation, and interference with the proper expansion of any one set is productive of permanent injury to the whole. So far from making a fine form, the tendency is directly the reverse, since the restraint of the corsets detrimentally interferes with the perfection of the frame. The muscles, being compressed and held inactive, neither acquire their due size nor strength; and a stiff, awkward carriage, with a thin, flat, ungraceful, inelegant person, is the too frequent result of such injudicious treatment.

The corset of a girl, from her twelfth or fifteenth year till her twenty-first, should be nothing more than a cotton jacket, made so as rather to brace her shoulders back, but without improper compression of the armpits, and devoid of all stiffening, but what is proper to the material of which it is made. At this age, slight imperfections of form, or inelegances of movement, are especially within the control of well-directed exercise and appropriate diet: force is utterly unavailing, and can have no other tendency than that of causing injury. We may conclude what we have to say on the use of the corset, by embodying the whole in a few plain general rules:—1st, Corsets should be made of smooth, soft, elastic materials. 2d, They should be accurately fitted and modified to suit the peculiarities of figure of each wearer. 3d, No other stiffening should be used but that of quilting or

padding; the bones, steel, &c. should be left to the deformed or diseased, for whom they were originally intended. 4th, Corsets should never be drawn so tight as to impede regular, natural breathing, as, under all circumstances, the improvement of figure is insufficient to compensate for the air of awkward restraint caused by such lacing. 5th, They should never be worn, either loosely or tightly, during the hours appropriated to sleep, as, by impeding respiration, and accumulating the heat of the system improperly, they invariably injure. 6th, The corset for young persons should be of the simplest character, and worn in the lightest and easiest manner, allowing their lungs full play, and giving the form its fullest opportunity for expansion.

Throughout our observations, we have spoken of a certain degree of display of the female form as not incompatible with correctness of manners. But there is a limit which, we believe, cannot be exceeded without immediate detriment to public morals, and positive offence to delicacy. There was a time when a mode of dressing to display every personal charm was peculiar to an unfortunate class of beings, regarded as lost to all the modesty and dignity of the sex; but it is a melancholy truth that this distinction between the lost and the reputable no longer exists in our great cities, where leaders of fashion and celebrated beauties, claiming the highest rank and character, are most remarkable for the solicitude with which they prepare their lovely persons to be gazed at and admired, in all their proportions, by the passing crowd! We should not have alluded to this subject, did we not hope that a slight animadversion upon its evil tendency would help to produce its correction. It has an immediate influence in lowering the sex in the estimation of men, since it lessens their reverence for beings they would otherwise always look upon with deep respect; and surely the fair sex have not yet learned that modest reserve and retiring delicacy are among the most potent auxiliaries of their charms. That they should rush into the extreme we have deprecated, appears to result merely from inattention; and we sincerely hope that but a short time will elapse before they will strictly respect the boundaries established by good sense and good taste, united with the lovely purity inherent in their sex.\*

#### WHALES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

BY PROFESSOR TENNANT.

THERE was lately given an account, copied from the Italian newspapers, of a large whale that had been stranded somewhere on the southern shores of the Mediterranean. Undoubtedly whales must have been, from the most ancient times, occasional visitants of that sea; and it is not improbable, that, having once found their entrance through the Gut of Gibraltar, they found themselves entangled and detained in that great shore-surrounded ocean, being either unable again to find their way of retreat, or, on finding it, being repelled by the strong inward-flowing current of the narrow strait that admitted them. However this may be, the fable of Andromeda and the sea-monster, who was sent by Neptune at once to devour her and desolate the country, took its rise, in all probability, from the visitation of some polar sea-monster in the neighbourhood of Joppa, where lay the scene of that wild fiction. The tradition, too, of Neptune having dispatched a sea-monster to ravage the coasts of the Troad, and devour annually a Trojan virgin in vindication of his wrongs from Luomeda, the king of the country, is most easily accounted for by a supposition of an incident such as the above. Extraordinary appearances of nature in these primitive days of simplicity and ignorance, and therefore of romantic and superstitious exaggeration, were always interpreted into signs of the wrath of the gods, and generally expiated by the sacrifice of human victims.

As elucidatory of these observations, we shall quote the relation given by an historian of a whale that ravaged the Hellespont, many centuries later, and in times when men's minds, having more knowledge of nature and her diversified appearances, were disposed to be less superstitious. During the reign of Justinian, about the year 550 of our era, the Propontis and the shores of the Hellespont were disturbed, for no less a time than fifty years, by an enormous whale. At intervals during that long period, it made its irregular and unwished-for appearance, much to the annoyance of the boats and pleasure-yachts of Constantinople, which it frequently struck with its swinging tail, breaking the planks of their bottoms, and endangering or sinking mariners and passengers. Anxiously did Justinian wish to clear his coasts of this destructive stranger, but no scheme could be invented whereby to bring it about. At length, by chance rather than by purpose, this desired extirpation was achieved. The sea one day was uncommonly smooth, and a multitude of dolphins were sporting on its surface, near to the mouth of the Euxine. All on a sudden the approach of the whale was made known to them by the noise of his tumultuous march through the waters, and they

\* The above article is nearly altogether a condensation of a paper in the *Encyclopædia Americana*.



swam off for an escape, as fast as they could, towards the mouths of the river Sangarais. They were unable, however, to outstrip the rapidity of their pursuer, who, whether from a desire to commit murder on their bodies, or to enjoy the terror his majestic presence had created, overtook and chased them a considerable way to the stream of that river. His impetuosity occasioned his destruction: in chasing his dolphin foes, he got entangled amid the shallows of that river, and, by making violent efforts to disengage himself, only floundered more inextricably among the reeds and mud. The neighbouring country people, being eye-witnesses of his distress, rushed down with strong ropes and hatchets to destroy him; they soon hauled him ashore and cut him up. They measured him, and found his length to be forty-five feet, his breadth, or thickness, fifteen feet. His carcase was distributed in morsels, pickled and unpickled, to all the inhabitants of the shores far and near, who, in tasting of his flesh, were glad to get sensible proof of the extermination of the sea-spoiler, that had so long terrified and annoyed them.\*

#### Column for the Boys.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOYS.—You have all no doubt been told by your fathers and mothers, as well as instructed by your Catechisms, that stealing is a crime. You have been made aware in various ways, that, if you appropriate any thing to your own use belonging to another without leave asked or given, you commit a sin of the most degrading nature, and are liable to be imprisoned, and otherwise punished by a magistrate. Knowing this, and seeing what a sad miserable fate generally attends the thief—how he is shunned, despised, and degraded—you resolve on carefully abstaining from ever, on any account or under any necessity, taking what does not belong to you. But, my dear little boys, though I am convinced you are well aware of these things, I doubt very much if you are warned sufficiently regarding the insidious advances of dishonesty under a different form, and it is upon that point I am now going to say a few words for your benefit.

Dishonesty, you must understand, can be practised in various ways besides stealing; the property of others, though not taken by violence, as in the case of theft and robbery, may be taken fully as fraudulently by lying, cheating, or overreaching. To lie or to cheat is therefore as bad as to steal: you may commit as great a sin the one way as the other. I am sorry to say that many people whom you are likely to come in contact with in society think very lightly of either lying or cheating. Every day we hear persons of respectable exterior, and who are living in good houses, or keeping fine shops, not only deliberately telling falsehoods to their friends, and servants, and their customers, but taking the advantage of them by a thousand shabby tricks. Now, you must understand that all this is gross dishonesty, and highly blamable. Although the people who practise such vices often escape punishment from magistrates, still their crime is not the less heinous on that account. They have a conscience within them which will sooner or later sting them for their criminal conduct. There is a God above who will assuredly take account of their actions. Besides falling in with people of this kind, whose ways you will of course refrain from imitating, there is another class of persons of whom you will see plenty, and whose base practices you ought by all means to shun. These are individuals who are strongly affected with the grovelling passions of greed and covetousness, which they manifest in many different pursuits. If they be owing money, and the creditor forget that they are owing it, they take care never to speak of the circumstance, or pay the debt. You can easily see that this is stealing—it is a theft as sinful as the taking of actual money from a neighbour. They likewise resort to the practice of borrowing, with the intention of never paying back the loans. If they cannot procure money in this manner, they will not scruple to take goods on credit, which it is far from their design ever to pay for; at least, the debts they so incur give them very little concern—they seem careless who loses, provided they have their gratifications satisfied. I need hardly tell you that this is likewise nothing else than a variety in stealing, though not usually punished as such.

Bad as these variations of theft are, they are per-

haps in some respects less criminal than another variety in dishonest practices, which I am about to mention: this is the crime of keeping things which you may chance to find. It is necessary to tell you that no one has a right to appropriate or secrete any valuable, or other article which he may pick up on the street, or road, or any where else. The article, though said to be lost, is still the property of the loser, who is entitled to claim it, and have it restored. On the plain moral principle that every one should do unto others what they would others should do unto them, it behoves the finder of an article to go at once to the owner and restore it; and if he do not know who the owner is, it is his duty to try to seek him out as far as he can conveniently do so, or possesses the means. If he allows himself to be carried away by greed and covetousness, and so keep up the article found, then he is a thief—the stealer of his neighbour's goods. It may happen that the loser is a person of no generosity of sentiment, and may therefore neither offer nor give a reward for the restoration of his property; however, that makes no difference in the question. All that the finder has to think of, is the performance of an act of honesty, leaving every other consideration aside. Should nothing—not even thanks—be awarded to the deliverer up of the lost property, it is little matter. He who performs such an act of virtue is rewarded with the delightful glow of self-approbation: he feels he has done his duty: he knows his hands are clean: no one can accuse him of doing wrong: he has cherished no cankerous care to gnaw him at the heart, and for ever spoil his efforts at happiness. No, he looks all mankind in the face in the proud consciousness of integrity, and, in the expressive language of the psalmist, "he is not afraid to meet his enemy in the gate." Surely in these pleasurable sensations there is a reward far transcending mere pecuniary gifts.

Talking to you of the value of honesty under all circumstances, and particularly with respect to the restoration of lost property, I am put in mind of a story which is told by that excellent instructress of youth, Mrs Markham, in her book called the "New Children's Friend,"\* which I beg to recommend to your notice. It is as follows:—

#### STORY OF THE HONEST FISHERMAN.

A Scottish gentleman of the name of Farquhar went, a few summers ago, to a town on the north coast of France, with the intention of passing some weeks there. The morning after his arrival, he went to a banker's to get his English money changed for French. He afterwards took a walk about the town, and visited the quays and the pier, and then strolled on the sands. After walking about for some time, he went into a shop, and, putting his hand into his pocket to pay for some trifling article, found that he had lost his purse. It contained all the money he had with him, and he knew that, if he could not recover it, he should be reduced to very uncomfortable embarrassments before he could receive any remittances from Edinburgh. He attempted to retrace his steps, in the forlorn hope that he should see it lying on the ground. But after fatiguing himself for some time in vain, he returned to his hotel in a very disconsolate mood, and made his disaster known to the landlord. The landlord advised him to lose no time in stating the circumstance to the *prefet*, the chief magistrate, or a sort of mayor, of the town. The *prefet* received Mr Farquhar with the politeness which a Frenchman always shows to a stranger, and promised to render him every assistance in his power; and he immediately dispatched officers of police to make inquiries in all parts of the town, and also to observe if any poor person was seen to spend any considerable or unusual sum of money. He then desired Mr Farquhar to come again the next day, when he should be informed of the result of these inquiries. Mr F. then went back to the inn to his dinner, for which the reflection that he had no present means of paying for it somewhat spoiled his appetite.

We must here leave him at his melancholy meal, and go to a little cabin by the sea-side, inhabited by Pierre Leroux, a poor fisherman. We shall find nobody at home but Katrine his wife, if, indeed, we can call her at home, when her thoughts were absent with her husband and her two fine boys, who had gone out early in the morning to fish, and whose lengthened absence was beginning to fill her with apprehension. "Ah, my poor Pierre," said she to herself, "how he risks his life day after day in that old boat! Surely something must have happened. If he had but a better boat, I should not mind so much; but this is such a worn-out leaky thing. Oh! if we had but money to buy another, or, at least, to get this mended. But the children, poor things, must be fed, though ever so poorly, and the boys must have jackets, and all the money we can spare goes to mending the nets, which are getting old and bad. Oh

dear!—a fisherman's life is a dreadful life, particularly with an old leaky boat!"

Here her soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of her daughter Janneton, a little half-clad, barefooted girl, of about eight years old, whose tattered habiliments were set off, according to the fashion of her country and station, with a snow-white cap, and a pair of long dangling gold earrings. "Oh, mother, dear mother!" exclaimed the child, "look, see what I've got," and she held out a crimson silk purse, apparently well filled. "How didst thou come by this?" said the mother; "surely thou didst not steal it." "Oh, no," answered the child, "I should be sorry to do such a wicked thing as that: I found it. Just now, as I was clambering up the cliff to see if father's boat was coming, I happened to see something fine and red lying on the sands, just by the great stone that is made into a seat. So with a hop, and two jumps, down I came, and here it is. Ah, what a pretty purse it is!—and so full!"

Katrine had by this time emptied it of its contents, and counted forty-nine gold Napoleons, a coin smaller than an English sovereign, and in value sixteen shillings and eightpence of our money, and fifteen or sixteen francs. The franc is a silver coin resembling our shilling, but worth only tenpence. There were a few English half-crowns and shillings besides; and these, and the appearance of the purse, which was certainly any thing rather than French, indicated it to have belonged to some English person. Katrine, who had never before seen so much money together, could scarcely believe her eyes, and counted it over a dozen times to be quite sure she was not dreaming. She was a good honest creature in her own way, and would not have absolutely stolen any thing on any account. But the close connection between stealing and finding she did not understand. It never occurred to her that the money was not become her own lawful possession, and she accordingly began to dispose of it in imagination to the supply of the manifold wants of the family. The first thing, and the most necessary, was a new boat; then fine new clothes for herself and children; then a bed, then a table, then a picture of St Nicholas with a gilt frame, a gridiron, a cow, and, at last, a better and a larger house. Her busy fancy ran over all the things she wanted, and whatever it was possible to want. The money seemed to her inexhaustible, and in ten minutes she had spent it ten times over.

In the midst of these pleasant cogitations, Pierre and his sons returned, wet, tired, cold, and hungry, and the father out of spirits at the bad success he had had. "Never mind about a few fish," said his wife; "I have something here that's worth all the fish you'll catch in a twelvemonth. Look what I've got!" At the sight of the purse, Pierre looked both astonished and alarmed. "How did you come by it?" said he.

"It's honestly come by, I promise you," said Katrine; "Janneton picked it up on the sands: somebody dropped it, I suppose." "And what do you mean to do with it?" replied her husband.

"Do with it!—why, buy what we want with it, to be sure. Thou shalt have half the money to get thee a new boat; and I'll keep the rest to buy some new clothes, and whatever else we want. I've promised Janneton a new petticoat ever since last new year's day, but never could get the money for it: but now the poor little one shall have her petticoat, and a fine scarlet one too." "Katrine," said Pierre, with earnestness, "this money is not ours. We have no business to meddle with it." "Not ours!" replied Katrine; "whose is it then?"

Pierre. It is the owner's, the person's who has lost it.

Katrine. But we don't know who that is.

Pierre. We must endeavour to find him out. If we keep it, we are no better than thieves.

Katrine. I should be sorry to be a thief; but surely there can be no harm in keeping what we find.

Pierre. If I had lost my nets or fishing-tackle, would any man who found them have a right to keep them for his own, without trying to find out to whom they belonged?

Katrine. Oh, no; but then you are only a fisherman; and it would be shocking to take any thing away that belonged to a poor man like you. But this purse must belong to some rich person, some English *milord*, perhaps, who, I dare say, can afford to lose it; and that, you know, makes a great difference.

Pierre. It may make a difference as regards him, but it makes none as regards us. Our fault would be just the same.

Katrine now shifted her battery. She represented to her husband the deplorable state of his boat, and that he was risking his own life, and his children's, every time he ventured to sea in it. Poor Pierre sighed. She spread the money on the table. Pierre looked at it, then at his children, who were with famished appetites devouring their coarse and scanty supper. He felt his resolution give way: the stout arguments with which he had strengthened it seemed weak by the side of the powerful temptation. His wife saw him waver, and proceeded:—"How can you be so foolish as to refuse this God-send, which has doubtless been thrown in our way by the blessed Virgin, or some of the holy saints, in pity to our poverty?"

At the name of God, Pierre started from the reverie into which he had fallen, and fresh courage came into

\* The circumstances here related by our learned contributor must certainly be held as illustrative of the story of Jonah. Since it is known that these hyperborean animals occasionally intrude into the Mediterranean, there is no longer any reason to cavil with the English translation of that part of the Bible, which gives the word whale for a term, we believe, more expressly signifying a great fish.

his heart. "No," said he, "God and the saints never send us temptations to do wrong. When temptations do come, they come from another quarter. So, if you love me, dear Katrine, put the money out of my sight, and say no more about it. Katrine obeyed the first part of her husband's entreaty, and deposited the purse in a chest. But as to the second part, she found that impossible. Pierre complained of being tired, and went to bed; but little sleep could he get; and in his dreams, first the purse, then his old boat with her sides stove in, then a fine new boat as full of fish as it could hold, flitted by turns across his fancy, and he awoke early, uneasy, and unrefreshed. "I'll bear this no longer," said he; "while this vile purse stays in the house, what between my wife and my dreams, I shall have no peace night or day." So saying, or rather thinking, for he uttered not a word, lest he should awaken his wife, he took the purse out of the chest, and, silently stealing out of the cabin, bent his steps towards the préfet's house, with the intention of delivering it up to him, and leaving it to him to find the right owner.

When he reached the préfet's, he found it was so early that none of the family were up. So he determined to wait in the street till the préfet should be stirring. Here, alone, and with the purse in his hand, temptation again assailed him. "Who knows," thought he, "but that my not being able to see his worship may be a sign from heaven that I am to keep this money?" The more he thought of it, the more plausible this reasoning seemed. "Ah," said he at last, "this will never do. I must not wait idle here. I must go and set about some employment, or there is no knowing how this may end." Saying this, he walked down to the quay where his boat was lying, and began to busy himself with preparing his nets and his baits. But his nets were out of repair, and his tackle defective, and, in short, all things seemed to be wrong; and the state of his worn-out bark pressed more heavily than ever on his spirits.

"Ah," thought he, "if only half this money were mine, how rich I should be! I would put my boat in thorough repair: I would get some new nets; and then I should not go out day after day, as I do, and come back empty, all for want of better tackle. Now, if I only took two Napoleons, that would do me a world of good. The owner may perhaps not miss them: the préfet does not know what's in the purse: nobody would be the wiser, or much the worse, and I should be so much the better. But," said he, recovering himself, "I shall know all about it, though the préfet may not. And can I expect that the prayers I offer up for a safe and lucky voyage will ever be granted, if I have any thing that is not honestly got in my boat? No; I must then expect her to founder in the first squall. His honour the préfet must be up by this time; so I'll e'en go and get rid of this plaguy purse, before I am tempted by it any more."

He found the préfet just risen, and sitting giving audience in his robe-de-chambre, and his hair *en papillotes*. Pierre was admitted without ceremony, and gave the préfet the history of the purse, without omitting a single circumstance, not even his own struggles with the temptation. The préfet immediately recognised the purse by the description Mr Farquhar had given of it. He counted the money, and found that it tallied with that gentleman's statement, and that not a piece was missing. "You are an honest fellow, Pierre," said the préfet, "and deserve something for your good conduct. Tell me, should I discover the owner of all this money, what reward you will expect."

"Nay, please your honour," said the fisherman, "I want no reward, not I. I am too glad to be rid of it; for I really think that, if we had kept it any longer in the house, I and my poor Katrine, who never quarrelled yet, should have quarrelled about it, or perhaps have spent the money, which would have been worse."

With a lightened heart Pierre tripped back to the quay, singing as he went, "*Quand je danse, chère maman*," &c. &c. When he got there, he found his nets not so bad as he had thought: his tackle was in serviceable condition, and even the old boat appeared less battered than before, and every thing belonging to him wore a better and more cheering aspect. Were they really changed? No; but he was changed himself. He was at ease in his mind: he had obtained a great victory, and had preserved his integrity unspotted.

While all these things had been passing, poor Katrine had remained at home in a state of great anxiety. She had missed the purse, and had imagined that her arguments had conquered Pierre's scruples, and that he was gone to buy the much desired new boat, and some presents for herself and the children; and her fancy revelled amongst all the variety of things he would probably purchase and bring home with him. At last she began to be surprised at his long absence. Next she became alarmed, fancying all sorts of terrific uncertainties. Perhaps he had been found with the purse in his possession, and had been taken up for the robbery. She was getting more and more uneasy, when she was startled by the entrance of a gentleman, evidently a foreigner. Mr Farquhar had attended at the préfet's at the appointed hour, and there received, to his no little joy, his lost purse. He there received also, and was much touched by, the account of the honest fisherman's conduct, and determined to lose no time in finding him out. He was but an indifferent Frenchman, and had some difficulty in expressing himself. Katrine, however, comprehended that he

was the owner of the purse, and supposed that he was come to claim it.

Her agitation became extreme. "Ah," thought she, "Pierre was in the right. If there was no harm in keeping the purse, I should not now feel so guilty or so ashamed." Most glad would she have been could she have restored it; and she was beginning to stammer out her excuse, and utter a few confused words, when the tide of her thoughts was suddenly turned by seeing Mr Farquhar take out the identical purse from his pocket. "Oh, thank God," said she, "then you have got it!" She felt a load removed from her heart. At this moment Pierre entered, leading the little Janneton by the hand. "Are you Pierre Leroux?" said Mr Farquhar. The fisherman having replied in the affirmative: "Then you are a very honest fellow, and I am come to reward you for finding my purse."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Pierre, "I had nothing to do with it. This little girl found it."

"Then I must reward her," answered Mr Farquhar. "Here, my little girl, is a gold Napoleon, which I give you because you were a good child, and, as soon as you found my purse, brought it home to your mother to take care of it."

Janneton skipped about, as happy as a young mountain kid; and after showing her gold coin in turn to her father, mother, and brothers, and having kissed it herself several times, she ran out of the house to show an old dame next door what a fine beautiful thing the "brave milord" had given her.

"Now," said Mr Farquhar, "having paid what is just to the child who found the purse. I must give what is due to the man who restored it. I cannot conveniently give you the whole of its contents, but the half I willingly offer you." And so saying, he put twenty-five of the Napoleons into Pierre's hand. "Take it," continued he, "and may you receive it with as much willingness as I feel in bestowing it."

Pierre tried to speak, but tears and surprise choked his utterance. All he could say was, "Oh, sir, I don't deserve it; you are too good; I did nothing; it is too much." As for Katrine, her joy was more eloquacious. She almost stunned Mr Farquhar with the vehemence of her gratitude, and he was glad to make his escape from the cabin. When he was gone, Pierre took his wife's hand, and said, "Ah, Katrine, shall we not enjoy this money, which we may call our own, more than we could have enjoyed the whole if we had wrongfully kept it?"

Do my young friends wish to hear how Pierre prospered afterwards? The anecdote of the purse was soon made known to all the English families in the place, and Pierre's fish was always the first for which inquiry was made in the market. He bought a new boat, the best built boat in the port. He grew rich for his condition in life, and removed his family to a comfortable house. His children grew up honest and good, and he daily instructed them never to part from their integrity, the poor man's rich inheritance; and, in short, the old English proverb, "Honesty is the best policy," was proved by the example of Pierre Leroux to hold good in France as well as in England.

#### HOMELY SCULPTURE.

A SHORT time ago there was exhibited in Edinburgh a group of statuary of a character similar to those formerly executed by Thom and Forrest, and shown by these artists in different parts of Britain. The present exhibition consisted of stone figures representing the three personages alluded to in Burns's favourite song of *Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut*. Systematic criticism on these personifications of the three "merry boys," would be useless. They do not come under the category of what is usually understood by the term sculpture. The art of cutting figures of this homely character has arisen very lately in Scotland, and is something new in tangible delineation. It is a new feature in the arts, and shows us the capabilities of unlettered and almost untalented genius. The artist on the present occasion is a Mr David Anderson, a plain, simple, unsophisticated country stone-mason, from Perthshire. His figures are wonderfully well delineated, all things considered. They embody the idea of the song to a nicety; the countenances, the style and flow of the garments, the cakes and the cheese standing before the figures, are all admirably brought out; and the surprise on beholding them is increased, when we are told that the whole were cut from a block of freestone in the short period of four months.

We were sorry to hear the modest young artist say that he had lost all the money he had formerly made in the country, by bringing his figures from Perth to Edinburgh; but this is not remarkable. It requires an immense deal of patronage, puffing, and advertising, to make such an exhibition successful in the metropolis, though with these aids, when the objects of exhibition are of a high order of merit, and are the *first* in their way, much profit may be realised. We believe the exhibitor has returned to Perth with his figures, and that he is in somewhat a disconsolate mood, in consequence of his want of success, and the poverty to which it has reduced him. Perhaps a word of advice, not only to him but to all similarly circumstanced, may not be here inappropriate.

We would have the great truth to be remembered, that success in any department of the fine arts is a matter of incalculable, nearly insurmountable, difficulty. To attain success, or realise wealth, even in a moderate

degree, the most of the professors of these arts must address themselves to the *utilities of life*, in the same way that authors, in order to live, must also engage in some kind of business. The great Scott himself required to be a clerk of session; Sir Henry Raeburn, who was the greatest painter whom Scotland ever produced, only executed portraits. These and a thousand other illustrious examples of the same nature, point out to the youth of genius, that, in pursuing his art, he must, to secure himself from a shipwreck of his prospects, collaterally address himself to the utilities of existence. He must work while he studies, and study while he works. With respect to the subject of our present notice, we would recommend him to set himself down in the intelligent town of Perth—and there commence the business for which he seems eminently fitted—that of a monumental stonecutter. There are many opulent and liberal-minded noblemen and gentlemen in that central district of Scotland, who would doubtless patronise efforts directed to purposes so subservient to their tastes and desires. Under such auspices, worth and merit would not be long in meeting their reward. At all events, let Mr Anderson there persevere in his profession of a sculptor, and he cannot fail to be ultimately crowned with that success as an artist which genius sooner or later—by steady perseverance alone—is sure to obtain.

#### THE PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

I.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

Tho' born to no as inch of ground,  
I keep my conscience clear and sound;  
And though I ne'er was a rich keeper,  
To make that up I live the cheaper;  
By this as knack I've made a shift  
To drive ambitious care adrift;  
And now in years and sense grown auld,  
In ease I like my limbs to fauld.  
Debs I abhor, and plan to be  
From shackling trade and dangers free;  
That I may, loosed frae care and strife,  
With calmness view the edge of life;  
And when a full ripe age shall crave,  
Slide easily into my grave;  
Now seventy years are o'er my head,  
And thirty more may lay me dead.

II.

BY THE HONOURABLE HENRY ERSKINE.

Let sparks and toppers o'er their bottle sit,  
Toss bumpers down, and fancy laughter wit;  
Let cautious plodders o'er the ledger pore,  
Note down each farthing gained, and wish it more;  
Let lawyers dream of wigs—poets of fame—  
Scholars look learned, and senators declaim:  
Let soldiers stand like targets in the fray,  
Their lives just worth their thirteen-pence a-day;  
Give me a nook in some secluded spot  
Which business shuns, and din approaches not—  
Some quiet retreat, where I may never know  
What monarch reigns, what ministers bestow:  
A book—my slippers—and a field to stroll in—  
My garden-seat—an elbow chair to lol in:  
Sunshine when wanted—shade, when shade invites;  
With pleasant country sounds, and smells, and sights;  
And now and then a glass of generous wine,  
Shared with a chatty friend of "auld langsyne";  
And one companion more, for ever nigh,  
To sympathise in all that passes by—  
To journey with me on the path of life,  
And share its pleasures, and divide its strife.  
These simple joys, Eugenius, let me find,  
And I'll ne'er cast a lingering look behind.

#### ELEGANT HIGHLAND EPITAPH.

There is something singularly beautiful and affecting in the following epitaph, which an old newspaper represents as translated from one (in Gaelic, probably) in the parish-church of Glenorchy, in Argyleshire:—"Lo, she lies here in the dust, and her memory fills me with grief; silent is the tongue of Melody, and the hand of Elegance is now at rest. No more shall the poor give thee his blessing, nor shall the naked be warmed with the fleece of thy flock; the tear shalt thou not wipe away from the eye of the wretched. Where now, O feeble, is thy wonted help? No more, my Fair, shall we meet thee in the social hall; no more shall we sit at thy hospitable board. Gone for ever is the sound of mirth; the kind, the candid, the meek, is now no more. Who can express our grief! Flow, ye tears of woe!"

#### EXTRAORDINARY COINCIDENCES IN THE LIVES OF A MARRIED PAIR.

A newspaper of the year 1777 gives the following as an extract of a letter from Lanark:—"Old William Douglas and his wife are lately dead; you know that he and his wife were born on the same day, within the same hour, by the same midwife; christened at the same time, and at the same church; that they were constant companions, till nature inspired them with love and friendship; and at the age of nineteen were married, by the consent of their parents, at the church where they were christened. These are not the whole of the circumstances attending this extraordinary pair. They never knew a day's sickness until the day before their deaths; and the day on which they died were exactly one hundred years. They died in one bed, and were buried in one grave, close to the font where they were christened. Providence did not bless them with any children."

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